

To His HIGHNESS the

Prince of Orange.

The Humble ADDRESS and SUPPLICATION of the CAMERONIAN PRESBYTERIANS IN S C O T L A N D .

In first place, SIR, we humbly crave,
That You this poor Adress receive;
Do not disdain it, tho its Fashion
Be not like others of the Nation:
Who are more used we do confess,
In every Change to make Addreses
Sometimes for this, sometimes for that,
And oft themselves knew not for what.
Next with our Thanks as we can give it
From honest Hearts, You may believe it.
Its known so to the whole Nation,
That we use no dissimulation,
But tell our mind like honest Fe' lows,
For which our Brethren got the Gallows.
Now let Your Wisdom, SIR, Inherent,
Lead You forth as GODS Vicegerent;
That You revive the good old Cause,
Re establish Fundamental Laws
And Covenants that better farr,
Then Test that doth with it self jarr
Whose Tenor if You keep and scope,
Then SIR you need not fear the Pope.
Put down the Prelates, and all those
That gave your Neck, so to your Foes;
And makes Heavens Darling when they please,
It You their Learn'd Address revise:
Whose P'tide and Avarice is such,
As is not kend among the Duties.
They're not such Bishoptes as the Apostles,
Doth Describe in their Epistles,
First they are not apt to Teach,
Since once a Year they do but Preach,
And seldom that unless it fares,
They Preach at Great Mens Funerals.
Where with great Freedom they will lye,
In the Blest Chair of Verity.
Not given to Wine the Apostles sayes,
Hamilton's practice this denies.
Who has been so much given to Wine,
He's more good Fellow then Divine.
Thirdly the Husband of one Wite,
Let *Band string John* lay on his Lite;
And Conscience he is such an one,
We will him lend to *Collington*.
Of filthie Lucre they're not free
Their Benefices doth testifie
And far her that doth us inrage.
They Lord over G O D S Heritage.
Which is a great Sin in our sight,
If we do read the Bible right.
It such be unproveable
We to Your Self SIR, do appeal.
That they want Bishops Qualities,
It is made out Your Highness sees.
We Love not much SIR, to Reflect,
But we must Villany Delect.
When we do see it in a Lown,
Tho it be covered with a Gown.
Therefore again we do Obtest.
You purge the Land of them and Test.
For it is known they are not free
Of Blood-shed and of Perjurie.
And since that cryes against this Land,
Which made you take your Life in hand.
And bravely gain the point at length,
At which we aim'd but wanted Strength.
To crush the head of Tyranny,
And A bsolute Supremacy.
Therefore this speech we do direct
Humbly intreating your Protect.

Its from Dragoons and their old Horse,
And from the Rage of Bloody Force.
If you shall look on us as Faultie,
Your Enemies will say your Guilty.
Seeing we suffered all along,
For Points your Highnes thinks not wrong.
And Lastly SIR, we you Advise,
For Sometimes Fools Counsels the Wise.
Cause purge the Kirk of men not sent,
The *Curats* who have made this Rent.
That were Thrust in for to keep Room,
And open kept the Door for *Rome*.
Cause swipe the Courts of Baids and Whores,
And Courtiers that are ill doers.
And when all such are turned out,
It's likely SIR we'll come to Court.
Victorious SIR, we humbly begg,
That you may purge us from such Dreg.
And grant what we before express,
And we shall freely pay the Ces.
Or any Tribute you impole,
And shall SIR, pray against your Foes.
Your Highnes knows the Prayers of such,
If servant be availeth much.
We were the first, SIR, in the Nation,
Who did proclaine your Declaration.
Where all may see it's a false thing,
To say we do not own a King.
We do confess, we did gainstand,
Impious Laws made in the Land:
And Duke of York whom they made King,
And that SIR, for no other thing,
But that we judged by our Bible,
He should not King but had a Lybel.
Because he was not presbyter,
And firmly thought us to ensnare.
And bring us back by Boots and Rope,
To damn our Souls and serve the Pope.
But Providence did send you here,
To put a stop to their Carrier.
When the Army heard of Switzer Saints,
From *Atheists* they turned *Protestants*.
Of sudden, and took such remorse,
They left their King both Foot and Horse,
For which we in one we do Agree,
To servé you to Posterity.
SIR, Take this Speech as we can write it,
For we have few Learned Men to dyte it.
No sonner got we men of sense,
But still the Council sent them hence:
By Bullet, Rope, or otherway,
Suffered them not at deth to Pray.
But beat their Drums and made a sport,
Of At least they should come short.
It would be tedious to enlarge,
And give our Enemies their Charge.
The *Hind let loose*, when it is seen,
Will tell you SIR, what we have been.
And other Pieces of great worth,
Which els we have and shall set forth.
By which You'll find we are not Noddies,
Tho we be poor and wandring Bodies.
We hope Your Highness will excuse,
That we Your Patience will abuse,
With this Tedious and Rude Ryme,
When you are Throng and has no time.
That were prolix this is the Reason,
To Supplicat before was Treason.
We wish you well, SIR, in a word,
You we will serve with Life and Sword.

